

TIME IS FAST RUNNING OUT

This is a short summary of the testimony by Victoria Nehale

I was born and lived in Namibia all my life and surrendered my life to Jesus on February 06, 2005. The Lord Jesus Christ has revealed many things in the spiritual realm to me including a couple of trips to hell. The Lord instructed me to share my experiences with the people; He also warned me not to add anything or omit anything from whatever the Lord Jesus Christ showed or told me. By the time of the writing of this book, end of 2006, I was visited 33 times by the Lord Jesus Christ. Every single time of those visitations, the Lord would tell me before leaving that: **TIME IS FAST RUNNING OUT.**

First trip to hell

On the weekend of 23 July 2005, I took a thirty-minute taxi ride from the town of Ondangwa where I work and stay, to my home village, to spend the weekend with my parents. On my way home, I had a feeling that something extraordinary was going to happen that evening. I arrived home at around 18H00 and that was the time people were preparing for dinner. I was in the kitchen with the rest of my family, lying down on an old sheet on the ground, while my little nieces and nephews were singing their Sunday School songs. Suddenly I felt a heavy anointing come upon me, my body became very weak, and I was out under the power of God. I saw a man, wearing a long white robe tied with a rope of the same colour, walking towards where I was lying. There was a brilliant light around Him as though it were radiating from Him. He was wearing brown sandals; His features were like people from the Middle East, with a beautiful tanned skin. His face was very kind and full of glory but I was unable to look Him in the eyes. When He spoke, His voice was tender, kind and loving, yet authoritative; waves of love were emanating from His very being.

He extended His hand to me and pulled me up from where I was lying. Suddenly I was in a beautiful, transformed body; I looked the same as I was when I was eighteen years old. I was wearing a white robe tied with a white rope. Although my robe was white, the material was different from the man's robe. His robe was silky with a brilliance that I do not know how to describe.

He said, in a most loving and tender voice: *“Victoria, I want you to come with me; I will show you frightening things and I am taking you to a place where you have*

never been before in your whole life". He held my right hand and we went. I felt as if we were walking on air and we were ascending all the time. After a while on the way, I was very tired and told Him that I was unable to continue the journey and begged Him to allow me to go back. However, He looked at me tenderly and said, *"You are not tired - you are fine. If you get tired, I will carry you, but for now you are fine. Peace be with you. Let us go."*

The place at which we arrived was very arid, worse than the worst desert known to man, with no sign of life in any form whatsoever. There was not a single tree or blade of grass or any living thing in sight. It was a very depressing place indeed.

We came to a gate and the man turned to me and said: *"Victoria, we will enter through the gate and the things you will see will frighten and upset you - but you must rest assured that wherever I take you, you will be well protected. Just open your eyes and observe everything I will show you."* I was terrified and started to weep. I was protesting and pleaded with the man to take me back. I told Him that I did not want to go into that place because I could see through the gate what was going on inside. He looked at me and said, *"Peace be with you; I am with you. We must go inside, for time is fast running out."*

We entered through the gate. I cannot describe to you the horror of that place. I am convinced that there is no other place in the entire universe as bad as that place. The place was extremely large and I had the sense that it was expanding all the time. It was a place of utmost darkness and the heat of it could not be measured: it was hotter than the hottest of fires. I could not see any flames of fire or the source of the heat but it was HOT. The place was filled with flies of all sizes - green, black, and grey flies. Every conceivable kind of fly was there. In addition, there were also short, thick, black worms everywhere, climbing on everything. The worms started to climb on us and the flies were also all over us. The place was filled with the most disgusting stench; there are no words to describe the intensity of the stench in that place. The smell was almost like rotten meat but was a hundred times worse than the most decaying meat I have ever smelled in my entire life. The place was filled with the noise of wailing and gnashing of teeth, as well as of demonic, evil laughter.

The worst thing about this place is that it was filled with people. There were so many people that they could not be numbered. The people were in the form of skeletons. I can say with confidence that these skeletons were humans because I recognized some of my very close relatives and people from my village. Their bones were dark grey and extremely dry. They had long sharp teeth like wild animals. Their mouths were

large and wide and their tongues were long and bright red. Their hands and feet had long, thin toes and fingers with long, sharp nails. Some of them had tails and horns.

There were demons mingling with the people: the demons in appearance looked like alligators and they were walking on four legs. They were comfortable in that environment and were constantly teasing and tormenting the humans. The noise that the demons were making was more like a celebration, as they seemed happy and carefree; they were also dancing and jumping all the time. The humans, on the other hand, looked miserable and depressed; they were in a state of helplessness and hopelessness. The noise from humans was caused by pain; they were weeping, screaming and gnashing their teeth, and were in a desperate situation of unimaginable pain and agony.

The people in this place, were innumerable but I could clearly see that the vast majority of them were women. They were divided into many different groups. Even if they were in the groups, it was not possible to estimate the number of people in any single group because the groups were extremely large.

The man led me to one of the groups on the eastern side of the place. He looked at me and said: *“Victoria, this is a group of people who refused to forgive others. I told them many times in many different ways to forgive others but they rejected me; I have forgiven them all their sins but they refused to forgive others. Their time ran out and they found themselves here. They will be here for all eternity; they are eating the fruits of their labour for ever and ever. However, it is painful for me to see them in this horrible place and in this eternal situation - because I love them.”*

I was then led to the next group, and the man told me that the people in the second group were those who had debts. There were three different categories in that group. The first category was of people who owed to others: they could afford to pay their dues but they kept postponing and procrastinating. They would claim that they would pay tomorrow, next week, next year, until the time ran out for them and now they had found themselves in this place. This is where they will stay forever; they are eating the fruits of their labour.

The second category was of those who had debts that they could afford to pay back and they were willing to pay their debts, but they were afraid of the consequences because, perhaps, if they told the truth they might suffer rejection or they might go to jail or what they had done would be made known to the whole world and they would be humiliated. The man said: *“None of them came to me to ask me for a way. If they*

had done so, I would have shown them the easy way out. They used their own wisdom and reasoning which did not help them in any way. Their time ran out and they found themselves in this place where they will be for ever. They are eating the fruit of their labour.”

Then He said: *“The third category had debts which they could not afford to pay back, but, again, none of them had told me that they had debts they were unable to pay. If they had done so, I would have paid their debts. They also tried to use their own reasoning and wisdom, which did not help them in any way. Now they have found themselves in this place where they will always be. They are eating the fruit of their labour. My heart is aching for all these people because I love them dearly.”*

In the first group, I saw two of my very close female relatives, as well as a twelve year-old, also a relative of mine. I knew she was twelve because that was how old she was at the time of her death. In the second group I also saw some of my relatives, as well as a Pastor whom I knew very well. Jakes, my boyfriend who had committed suicide because I gave my life to Christ, was also in the second group. I saw some of my neighbours in both groups as well.

I recognized the people I knew before their deaths; they also recognized me. My relatives were very angry when they saw me and they started to shout obscenities at me; they were using the most vulgar language as they were cursing me. One of them said that I was not worthy of following the man who was with me; they were telling the things I used to do before I gave my life to Christ. They were not lying; the things of which they were accusing me were the truth. Jakes was saying that I belonged to him and I should go where he was because I had committed the same sins as he. At first the Pastor seemed happy to see me and he said I did well by coming but his attitude changed immediately when he saw who was accompanying me and then he also joined in the cursing and the use of obscene language. The man with me told me to ignore them for they did not know what they were doing.

I was petrified and extremely sad; my body was shaking and I could not stand. I was crying uncontrollably. The man turned to me, gave me a hug, and said: *“Peace be with you, Victoria.”* My strength returned and I felt very secure in His embrace. Then He told me that we had to leave the place and go back. He looked at me and said: *“Victoria, I have shown you. Now you must choose in which of the groups you want to be; the choice is in your own hands. You must tell the people everything you have seen and experienced but do not add or omit anything.”*

I remembered that we left the place of horrors together but I do not know where I left Him because then I became aware: I opened my eyes and I was back in my physical body, lying in Oshakati Hospital. There was a drip in my left arm, and I saw my mother and other neighbours from our village in one corner of the room, where they were looking at me in amazement. I could see on my mother's face that she had been crying. I asked one of the nurses if she knew what was wrong with me but she only made a joke and said: "You were sent back; perhaps you have done something wrong and you need to repent." The nurse was trying to speak lightheartedly about my condition but I could see she was afraid to come closer to me. I asked her to call the doctor who attended me.

When he arrived, he said that he did not know what was wrong with me. Initially, he had thought that I had contracted malaria but the malaria results were negative. He continued to tell me that my temperature, pulse and blood pressure were dangerously low but he could not find the cause for it. He said that there was nothing he could do for me; he could not admit me because I was not sick. The drip they had applied was not working at first but when I opened my eyes, it started to work. He recommended that the nurse administered another drip to me once the first one had finished so that I could get enough strength to go home.

I was frightened by what I saw in that place and couldn't stop crying. The stench of that horrible place continued to be as real as when I was there. The scenes from that place were flashing before me all the time. I was unable to sleep and my whole body was in great pain. I felt as though all my limbs had been taken apart, and re-assembled. Oh, I felt awful. I had diarrhea and a pounding headache for an entire week.

My mind was made up that I would not talk to anybody about my experiences because who would believe me? What would people think? I kept telling myself that I would never relate my experiences to anybody. One of my mentors phoned me three days later to enquire about my wellbeing because I sent her a text message asking her to pray for me. Before I knew it I was telling her about my experiences. When I realized what I was doing I had already told her most of the story. I wanted to kick myself. I was crying because I was convinced that I had made the biggest mistake of my life. Now the story was told, there was no possibility I could hide it anymore. Now I knew that if God wants something to be told, it will be told. He is God, after all.

On August 19, I woke up, feeling the signs of the anointing in my physical body. I was weak and trembling, while waves of electricity were going through my body. In the evening I saw a brilliant light coming into the room and in the midst of it was the same man. This time He sat down on a chair next to my bed. I have no idea where

this chair came from but it was there as soon as He was ready to sit down. It was a beautiful chair made of solid gold; the shape was that of a conventional chair, with back support. On each leg was a silver star embedded in the gold; the same star was also in the centre of the back support. There are round wheels on each leg.

After greeting me, He told me that He knew that I had many questions about His identity and that He came to reveal Himself to me and to explain certain things that I have experienced. He said: *“I am Jesus Christ, your Saviour. If you have any doubts, look at my hands. That place where we went is Hell.”* When I looked at His hands, I saw scars where the nails pierced Him.

Dear friend, I want to tell you that hell is not a figment of anybody’s imagination but it is a real place and it is unpleasant. It was not made for people but for Satan and his demons. Our rightful place is in Heaven with Jesus but we have to choose Jesus before it is too late. Today, when you hear His voice, do not harden your heart; accept Jesus as your personal Saviour today and live for Him. Hell is a terrible place: it is a place of fear and sadness; it is a place of torment and eternal cries and gnashing of teeth. Satan wants to take as many people with him as possible. Do not co-operate with him; co-operate with Jesus and you will live and not die.

I could not understand why the Lord would tell me to make a choice between the two groups He showed me in Hell when I was already a born-again Christian. I have accepted Him into my life and He was still telling me to make a choice whether I want to go to Hell or not. I could not understand. I started to pray and asked God to give me a revelation of what He meant and what He wanted me to do. The Lord revealed to me that I was harbouring a lack of forgiveness and resentment in my heart towards one of my sisters, as well as to my cousin. I asked the Lord to forgive me for my unforgiving spirit; I also asked my sister to forgive me for harbouring anger and bitterness in my heart toward her. The Lord instructed me to go and ask forgiveness from my cousin.

The Lord also reminded me that there was a time when I acquired a teaching job with a fraudulent diploma and He considered that to be debt and theft. I was determined to do what was right and I asked the Lord to help me through this problem and to show me an easy way out because this was a serious crime which could send me behind bars. He directed me to go to the Department of Education and confess what I had done. I was ready to go to jail if this was unavoidable. I experienced the Lord’s favour in a big way. The officials in the Department of Education told me that I should decide what I wanted to do: whether to pay back the salary I had received from the government or not. They promised not press charges against me because

they were stunned by my confession. Our God is a faithful God who honours His Word.

If you are in a situation similar to the one I was in, I want to encourage you to do what is right, no matter the consequences. You might be incarcerated in the earthly jail but that is temporal. No pain or shame will compare to Eternity separated from God. Hell is not a nice place: it is better to allow God to judge you now before it is too late. We must not fear God's judgment while we are in the time of Grace: we must allow Him to expose whatever is wrong in our lives while we still have time to make right with Him because there is no forgiveness on the other side of the grave.

2nd Trip to hell

On October 18 2005 I woke up at 05H30 but I could not go to work. I was feeling very weak and drunk; I could not move or turn around in my bed, and the presence of the Lord was very heavy in the room. I was trembling and felt electricity going through my body. The Lord came to take me just before 08H00 because the last time I had looked at my watch, it was 07H48, and he arrived very shortly after that. He greeted me and said that we should go again because time was fast running out. I stood up and we began to walk. The way we were walking on this day was very different from all other times; although our legs were doing the walking movements, we were sort of floating more than walking. While we were on our way, Jesus told me that all sins are bad and there is nothing such as small sin and big sin. All sin will lead to death, no matter how big or small. The Lord told me that we were going to visit Hell again and then He asked me if I was afraid. I answered that I was afraid.

He said, *“The spirit of fear is not from My Father or from Me, it is from the Devil. Fear will cause you to do things that will land you in hell.”*

Without faith it is impossible to please God and fear is the direct opposite of faith. It is obvious that fear does not please God because it destroys one's faith. For the whole time we were on our way, we were walking side by side but as soon as we arrived at the gate of Hell, He took my hand into His and held it for every second we were in Hell. I was very happy that the Lord was holding my hand because the firm grip of His hand removed all the fear from me. The place was still the same: nothing was different from the first time. There were flies, worms, extreme heat, the smell, skeletons, the noise: everything was just as it was the first time I was there. We entered the same ugly gate again and the Lord took me to one group of people. There

were many people I knew when they were still alive on Earth. The poor people were in a terrible state; they looked miserable and in great agony but the worst of all was the look of hopelessness on their faces.

The Lord pointed out one middle-aged woman whom I knew before her death. She had died in a car accident at the beginning of 2005. I was shocked to see that woman in Hell because we all knew her as a God-fearing and God-loving person. The Lord told me that that woman loved Him and He also loved her; she had served Him when she was on Earth; she had led many people to the Lord and she knew the Word very well. She was kind to the poor and needy; she gave to them, and helped them in many ways. She was a good servant of the Lord in most ways.

Those words of the Lord shocked me even more and I asked Him why He would let someone who had served Him so well end up in Hell. The Lord looked at me and said that this lady had believed the deception of the Devil. Although she knew the Scriptures well, she believed the lie of the Devil that there are big sins and small sins. She thought that a 'small' sin would not lead her to Hell because, after all, she was a Christian.

The Lord continued, *"I went to her many times and told her to stop what she was doing but many times she would reason that what she was doing was too small and she attributed my warning to her own feelings of guilt. There was a time when she stopped for a while but then she convinced herself again that the warning was not from Me but her own voice because that sin was too insignificant to grieve the Holy Spirit."*

I asked the Lord again to tell me what the sin was that this woman has committed and He answered me thus, *"This woman had a friend who is a nurse at Oshakati Hospital. Whenever this woman was sick, she would not go to hospital and pay for her hospital card as normal practice; she would just pick up the telephone and tell her friend to organise medicine for her from the Hospital Dispensary. Her friend would always oblige and tell her to pick up the medicine at a particular time. Firstly, she decided to accept the lie of the Devil about small and big sin and rejected my truth; she caused somebody else to sin and steal on her behalf but, worst of all, SHE GRIEVED THE HOLY SPIRIT. This is what caused her to be in Hell. It does not matter whether you bring millions of souls to the Lord; it is still possible to go to Hell for grieving the Holy Spirit. You must not only care about the salvation of others but you must be careful not to forget about your own soul. Be sensitive to the Holy Spirit at all times."* After the Lord said those words He said that we should go back.

Many Christians who have heard this story do find it problematic. They would always ask me, “What about justification, mercy and grace?” and “Is it possible to lose your Salvation after you have received it?” “Is that not a bit too harsh?” “Can God be so cruel?”

Well, as I have said elsewhere in this book, I am not presenting any theology here. I am just telling you what the Lord has shown and taught me - and what He has allowed me to experience. Please refer to your Bible for answers. Look at the following verses and make your own judgment.

“But I discipline my body and bring it into subjection, lest, when I preached to others, I myself should become disqualified.” (1Corinthians 9:27)

“What shall we say then? Shall we continue to sin that grace may abound? Certainly not! How shall we who died to sin live any longer in it?” (Romans 6:1-2)

“Do not let sin reign in your mortal body, that you should obey it in its lust.” (Romans 6:12)

“For if we sin willfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there no longer remains a sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful expectation of judgment and fiery indignation which will devour the adversaries.” (Hebrews 10:26 –27)

Can I go to Hell after having served the Lord and led many to Christ? You be the judge!

Disobedience

On Monday 6 March 2006, I was woken by my alarm clock at 05H30. I started to pray and realised that there was a heavy anointing on me. My body was very weak and I was trembling; waves of electricity were going through my body.

In the afternoon, as I was lying on my bed, I saw a brilliant light filling the room. I saw tiny, white, round beads, the size of a pin-head. The beads were falling like rain and would sink into my skin on contact. In addition, I saw a cloud of something like white mist coming from above; it also filled the room and sank into my skin on contact. Thereafter, I saw Jesus walking towards me in the midst of a cloud of mist.

He sat down on His chair next to my bed. I have no idea where this chair comes from; it usually appears as soon as He is ready to sit. It is a beautiful chair made of solid gold; the shape looks similar to most chairs but with back support. On each leg is a silver star; a similar but larger star is also on the back support. There are round wheels on each leg.

Jesus greeted me and stretched out His hand to me and told me to get up because time was fast running out. He pulled me up by my hand and I sat down on my bed.

Then he said to me, "*Victoria, let us pray.*" He prayed in a language that I did not understand; I understood only the word 'Amen'. Then He continued by asking me what I was seeing and I told Him that I was seeing groups of people going to their work and others arriving at their work places. I was also seeing those similar tiny white beads falling on those who arrived first at their work places. After the first group, another group also arrived later. By that time the rain of tiny beads had stopped falling.

I also saw different groups of people, arriving at different churches on a Sunday morning. The rain of white beads would begin to fall as soon as the early comers enter the churchyard. It continued to fall for some time and then it stopped. The latecomers would not find anything.

Jesus asked me whether I understood what those visions meant and I told Him that I did not understand. Then He explained to me: "*These visions mean that every place where you are supposed to be at a specified time and you know what time you should be there, there are always angels distributing blessings for that specified time. If you arrive on time, you will receive your blessings but if you are late, you will miss your blessings for that day because the angels distribute the blessings only for that specific time. Victoria, I want to warn you because you go late for work and you go especially late to church services. You must know that at those times you have been late without any valid reason; you have forever missed out on your blessings for those days; they will never return to you again. Victoria you must stop this thing and do not ever do it again, unless you have a valid reason for being late.*"

When the Lord said those words I really wished I could disappear or give Him some acceptable excuses for my indiscipline. I told Him that sometimes I oversleep but He looked me straight in the eye and said that I was lying and that I had a bad tendency of going back to bed after I have woken up, to succumb to a desire to sleep for a 'few more minutes'.

After Jesus had warned me, He said, *“Stand up. Let us go. Time is fast running out and there are things we must do.”*

This time the Lord took me to a place where I have never been before; it was also the first time we took the road we walked on that day. We arrived in a garden filled with beautiful flowers and beautiful green trees: nothing on Earth can compare to this beauty. The flowers were in all kinds of beautiful, bright colours. We sat down on a beautiful garden bench, which was made from solid gold with small brightly-shining silver stars.

When we sat down, He pointed in front of us and said, *“Victoria, look, can you see that city?”* When I looked, I saw a very large, brightly lit city. It was beautiful beyond description. The city has a brightly shining golden gate and at this gate was a man, seated, who was of great age. He had a long, white beard and white hair. I had seen this man earlier and, when I asked Jesus who this man was, he told me that it was Abraham, the father of faith.

I saw many roads in that city, which are also paved with gold. There are high-rise buildings and they were also shining like gold. The shine and the glitter in the city is indescribable

Jesus turned to me and asked, *“What do you think about that city?”*

I answered that it was beautiful and I wanted to go there. Jesus said: *“I will take you there if you continue to be obedient because that is also where your house will be. Stay obedient - because if you are disobedient, Victoria, crows will fly in your house. Your house will be a dwelling place of owls and a playground of ghosts. However, do not fear, because I am with you. Just obey. For everyone who is disobedient, his house will have crows flying there; it will be a dwelling place of owls and a playground of ghosts.”*

Jesus Christ is real and He loves us with a love that cannot be described, His greatest desire is for us to choose life and spend eternity with Him. His heart is aching for all those people who are dying and going to Hell because they chose to reject the Salvation He offered them and they chose death instead.

Whether you are a born-again Christian or not, please always remember this one thing: **Time is fast running out.**